Sir Iohn. Ieſus preſerue your Maieſty.

Elnor. My Maieſty: why man, I am but Grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces ſtate ſhall be aduanc'd ere long.

Elnor. What, haſt thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the reſt? and will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madam, and they haue promiſed me to raiſe a ſpirit from depth of vnder ground, that ſhall tell your Grace all queſtions you demand.

Elnor. Thankes good ſir *Iohn*.
Some two dayes hence I geſſe will fit our time,
Then ſee that they be heere:
For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then ſafely may they come,
And on the backe ſide of my Orchard heere,
There caſt their Spelles in ſilence of the night,
And ſo reſolue vs of the thing we wiſh;
Till when, drinke that for my ſake, and ſo farewell.

Exit Elanor.

Sir Iohn. Now ſir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you muſt ſilent be:
Theſe gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The Dutcheſſe ſhe thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue Gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to ſet her on,
To plot theſe treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres;
And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I muſt not ſay ſo,
That by my meanes muſt worke the Dutcheſſe fall,
Who now by Coniurations thinkes to riſe.
But whiſt ſir *Iohn*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you loſe your head before you go. *Exit*

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.

1. *Petit.* Come ſirs lets linger here abouts a while,

Vntill

Vntill my Lord Protector co
That we may ſhew his Grace
2. *Petit.* I pray God ſaue
For but for him a many were
That cannot get no ſuccour
But ſee where he comes with

Enter the Duke of Suffol
him for Duke
him

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndo
Queene. Now good-fello
2. *Petit.* If it pleaſe your
Grace.
Qu. Are your ſuites to his
Looke on them my Lord of
Suffolke. A Complaint a
What hath he done?
2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord,
And th'are gone together, a
Suff. Hath he ſtole thy wi
But what ſay you?
Peter Thumpe. Marry ſir I
ſaide, that the Duke of Yo
that the King was an vſurer
Queene. An vſurper thou
Peter. I forſooth, an vſur
Queene. Didſt thou ſay t
Peter. No forſooth, I ſaid
when wee were ſcowring t
Garret.
Suf. I marry, this is ſom
Who's within there?

Enter o
Sirra, take in this fellow, a